Our Boys and Girls.

A WALK AND A RIDE.

Two little twin brothers were Willy and Frank,
Who went for a walk one day.
They tramped over meadows and down the brookside
Till tired to death were they.
Then what did these boys do but sit down and cry:
"We can't take a step more, 'tis no use to try!
We're tired, oh, so tired, till we're ready to die!
Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!"

But good luck sometimes will play wonderful tricks,
And at Willy's feet lay two beautiful sticks,
As smooth and as round
As ever were found.
"Why, Frank, here's a pair of fine horses!" said he.
"We'll ride, yes, we will!" And they mounted in glee,
And cantered and cantered and galloped two miles,
And jumped over fences and leaped over stiles.
"We're not tired a bit, not a bit!" they both cried.
"It's tiresome to walk, but how pleasant to ride!"

—*Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion.*

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD COIN.

BY A. F. CALDWELL.

"Your change, sir!" and the clerk at Loring Graham & Sons' handed over the counter a number of coins with a neatly done-up package. "Thank you," and he stepped in his alert, business-like way to another customer who had just entered the large hardware establishment, while Carl started toward the door with the package containing his new skates, at the same time slipping the change left over from the crisp five-dollar bill into his trousers' pocket.

"Haven't you counted it?" asked Uncle Tom, who had aided Carl in the selection of the bright nickel skates.

"Why, no; I never do! What's the use—the clerk does that! It isn't at Loring Graham & Sons' as it is at some stores; they're honest here—never heard of anyone's being cheated!"

It isn't that so much as it is the liability of one's making a mistake. A person never ought to receive any change—however small the amount—without counting it over on the spot. You can hardly expect a mistake to be rectified after once having left the store, however reputable the firm."

"But it makes lots of bother," argued Carl, "when one's in a hurry!"

"It makes no difference—it's business; and every boy ought to train himself early in strict business principles and live up to them."

"Aren't they a dandy pair—my Ice Flyers—that's what I'm going to name them!" exclaimed Carl adroitly changing the subject. "There isn't a fellow in Shirley that's got a prettier pair!"

"They are—beauties; no mistake! I think you got them, too, at a very reasonable figure. Now don't forget, my boy, hereafter about counting your change;" and Uncle Tom, without waiting for a reply, entered his place of business a few blocks from the hardware

nonsense taking such trouble!

That's just the way lots of folks do; they stand and count 'ten and five—fifteen; and three—eighteen; and two's twenty,' and when they give a quarter for a five-cent lead pencil!" declared Carl, to himself, going down the walk. "And they know the clerk would give them the right change. I'm not going to do it—it's too foolish!"

During the fall and winter Carl Bradford obtained his spending money by making himself generally useful, an hour each night and morning, to his uncle's firm. Their "fill-up chinks" man had been Carl's designation of himself, and now he was known to all the clerks in the establishment as "F. C."

A bright morning in early winter, as Carl was about to leave, his Uncle Tom called him into the office.

"I wish on your way home, Carl, you'd call at the freight office and pay this bill. It's twelve dollars," handing him a twenty-dollar note. "You may bring the change back after school."

"Yes, sir;" and Carl took the money and went whistling on his errand.

After he had paid the bill Carl took the change that was handed him—he remembered afterward it consisted of one note and the rest in coin—and slipped it in his vest pocket.

"I won't be so liable to lose it there," he thought.

It didn't again enter his mind until his uncle asked him in the evening if he had taken a receipt.

"O, yes; and the change—I'd forgotten all about it! Here it is," and Carl handed the receipt and money to his uncle just as he had received them at the freight office.

"Why, this isn't all," said Mr. Bradford, slowly counting the amount a second time. "The receipt's all right, but the change—there's only three dollars here—a one-dollar bill, two halves and four quarters."

"It's just as I took it," declared Carl, positively.

"Did you count it before you put it in your pocket?"

"No-o; I—I didn't think! I supposed 'twould be all right," coloring.

"But it isn't Carl; it's five dollars short!"

"It ought to be there," and Carl emptied all his pockets, and then went through them again. "I—I didn't take it!"

"Of course you didn't, my boy; no Bradford would do such a thing as that! 'Twas a mistake made at the freight office, owing to—"

"My not counting it when 'twas given me," interrupted Carl, dismally.

"Perhaps if you go over early in the morning, by their looking over their accounts they may be able to rectify it—though it's doubtful. They're closed now."

But when Carl went over on his way down-town they insisted they had given him the correct change the day before, and, bitterly disappointed, Carl reported to his uncle.

"I—I'll pay it," faltered Carl, "out of my earnings. 'Twill take ten weeks—but by going without everything else I can do it!"

"It's business, my boy," declared Uncle Tom, encouragingly. "I'm sorry, but it may—"

"Teach me a lesson—it will," and Carl smiled grimly as he spoke.

During the following weeks Carl saved every cent he earned, to pay back the five dollars to his uncle's firm.

One morning—'twas at the end of the ninth week—Carl carried the vest he was accustomed to wear to his mother to mend.

"It needs two buttons—and the pockets leak," playfully.

"Leave it on a chair, dear, and I'll see to it and stop the holes; I'll have it ready by noon," and his mother smiled with her "love-to-work-for-my-boy" smile, as he laid down the garment.

"See what I've found!" she exclaimed, at dinner. "A bright five-dollar gold coin!"

"In—'twasn't in the vest—was it, mother?" and the expression on Carl's face was a mingling of hope and incredulity.

"Indeed it was—hidden away down in the corner where the unsuspected leak hole had dropped it!"

"Then it's the change—the five dollars of the freight money! Hurray! But," more soberly, "I'm glad now it got lost awhile, for by it I've learned one of Uncle Tom's business principles—and I'll not forget it!"—*N. Y. Advocate.*

How the Chipmunk got the Stripe on His Back.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk has a black stripe running up and down his back.

According to the red Indians he did not have any black stripe on him at all originally. They say that he got the one he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year to elect a leader, and, once upon a time the porcupine was chosen for that position.

The first thing the porcupine did was to call a great council of all the animals. Then he placed before them the following question: "Shall we have day all the time, or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and the animals began to debate it earnestly. The bear said he wanted night all the time, for then he could sleep, and sleep was much the most pleasant thing he knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I want night part of the time and day part of the time, for then we can have a time to sleep and a time to gather nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk got into a violent discussion over the question, and the other animals became silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating, and when they had got out of breath arguing they began to sing.

"Night is best. night is best. We must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must light," sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness," growled the bear in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light. Day will come," piped the little chipmunk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing, the day began to dawn and the light of morning to illumine the world.

Then the bear and the other big animals on his side of the question saw that the little chipmunk was prevailing, and set up an angry chorus, so that the chipmunk was afraid and ran for his hole in a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after him and, just as the chipmunk was diving into his hole, the big bear reached out his paw to catch him. But the chipmunk was so quick that the paw of the bear only grazed his back and he got into his hole in safety.

But you can see to this day in the black stripe of the back of the chipmunk where the paw of the bear who loved darkness just grazed the fur of the little fellow who loved the light.—*The American Boy.*

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FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

COULD SCARCELY EAT.

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Bows drawn at a venture hit in a way that astonishes ourselves when God puts His own arrows on the string.—*Frances Havergal.*

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Let your friends have your sympathy and your help. . . and let simplicity, love, and humility be your great aim—just to do God's work without an atom of self-love in it. Keep this aim ever true and pure, and all will come out right, even though many a weary step has to be trod in the footsteps of Jesus.—*M. Monsell.*

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